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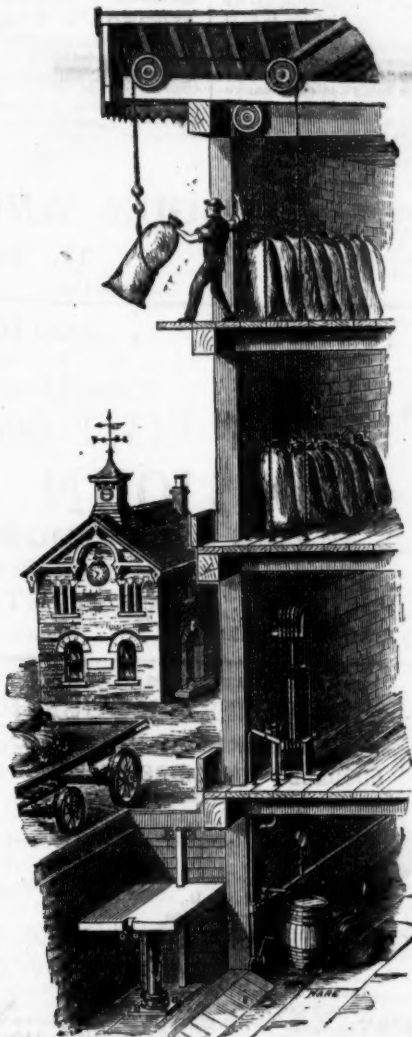
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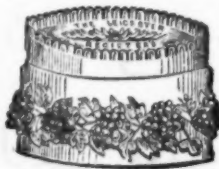
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APRIL 18, 1879.

THE L. P. P.



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A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 179.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## OUR SPECIAL AT HYDE PARK.

YOUR welcome letter and cheque arrived just in time to save—but I need not trouble you with private matters. I shall merely remind you that you had no need to take off that odd twopence-halfpenny, and request you to place it to my credit for next account. Besides, you do not seem to be aware of the fact that twopence-halfpenny will do a great deal in London. It will purchase "half-stout-bittaw" at any refreshment bar; it will provide a modest breakfast in the shape of a "loaf-butter and cawfee;" it will furnish the weary street-plodding outcast with a good dinner, viz., "penny bran and quartern o' small cheese;" it will supply the thirsty wayfarer with a "pint o' four-out," and leave a halfpenny for the crossing sweeper; or, if you wish to indulge in luxuries, it will buy you a "cup o' cawfee and mince pie." There is no telling what value the inhabitants of this great city place upon such "trifles light as air;" I absolutely saw myself, one of the denizens of the fertile village of Peckham, on Saturday last, pay for a "half four-out" with four farthings!

Of course your little note accompanying the letter, informing me of your having no further need of my services, is either a serious error in judgment on your part or a slight and inadvertent mistake in its composition; I take it to be the latter. Your meaning is quite clear to me you simply mean to announce that you do not wish me to return to Manchester, but to remain here in the capacity of "Special," a position I flatter myself I am essentially fitted for. I, of course, accept the onerous duties in the interest of your numerous readers upon terms I enclose herewith, feeling sure that the modesty of the sum total will at once meet your entire concurrence. Besides the salubrious character of the atmosphere around here, the simple, unsophisticated manners of the inhabitants render London a very desirable place wherein to pass a few years of quietude and peace (with honour). I have read various books, which are even now much perused, and which picture the metropolis as a habited of wickedness and depravity, a modern Babylon, a nursery of wretchedness, and a den of thieves—but, bless your innocent wings and tail! I have not found that London is wicked or in any way naughty. No! Simplicity, almost primitive, with honesty of the most incorruptible kind, are the chief characteristics of the Londoner. Talk of its being a nursery for thieves—walk out in the early morning, say from seven to eight o'clock, and watch the milkman hang up his little cans of milk at the doors of the various good citizens who have not yet hailed the sunshine, there to remain until they think proper to rise and take in the milk, the milkman afterwards going round to collect the empty cans from the doors—nobody meddles with that milk; what more convincing proof of simplicity of manners and rigid honesty of principle can be required, and how long would that milk remain suspended outside the doors in thirsty Manchester? As for the stories one constantly hears about swindlers, and traps to catch the unwary—they are all bosh. Even the cabmen at the various hackney coach stands have all the measured distances to every part of the metropolis, in miles and even odd yards, displayed upon a large board, and a London cabman would no more think of cheating you in his fare than he would think of driving you into the Thames. They have not a thought beyond their daily hum-drum routine of life. Why, only the other day, having occasion to visit a friend (who shall be nameless) at Marlborough House, and putting the question to a hackney-coachman as to the nearest way to that princely establishment, the man innocently answered with a smile—"Two shillin', sir." There's simplicity for you—he was thinking of nothing in the world beyond his cab. By the way, I may as well remark that the *City Jackdaw* is laid upon the table of Marlborough House every Friday morning, and is greatly admired; in fact, the first request of her B-p-l H-gn-ss the Pr-nc-ss, after partaking of her morning repast, is for

"that dear *Jackdaw*"—bless her heart, the next time she visits Manchester may she have sufficient *caws* to appreciate her welcome from my parent bird. She was heard by an old magpie with whom I have picked up an acquaintance, to say last week that your special's boat-race report was "lovely," and she showed it to her august husband, who, albeit he is not a reading man, was highly amused, and took it over to the Horse Guards, to read to his commander-in-chief over their S. and B. Need I say more?

Speaking of the Commander-in-Chief brings me to the subject of my present communication—the review. It suddenly struck me whilst reclining in my elegantly-furnished chamber (Blackfriars Road, bed and breakfast half-a-crown) on Monday morning, that it was Easter Monday! Recollections of bygone legends of Easter Monday Reviews in Hyde Park crowded in my mind, and, fired with ambition to perform a great public duty, and also to render a service to a dear, black-winged, ungrateful old bird, who so signally slighted that magnificent report last week, which was so universally admired here, and which is even now spoken of with delight by all the barmaids at the various establishments over which Spiers and Pond hold sway—with these considerations, I say, filling my manly bosom, I arose, amidst the tintinnabulation of numerous bells, whose inf—hem! musical tinklings never leave you one minute's rest after six o'clock in a London coffee-house, and after a leisurely toilet, and breakfast over the early morning's D. T. (Note—*Daily Telegraph*, not *delirium tremens*), I strolled off in the direction of the parks. Meeting a well-known journalist in the Bird-cage walk (who, by the way, is not on *Punch*), I ventured to remark that the wind was cold for Easter, he gruffly replied, after the brusque manner of the late immortal Jerrold—"Yes, a regular *North Easter*." (Note—This joke is registered.) On passing through the Albert Gate a bright idea struck me—I would retail the joke upon the gatekeeper. "Cold morning," I said. "Very," was the reply. "Easterly wind," I said, emphasising the first two syllables of the word. "Easter Mondayly," he said, laughing, and completely spoiling my anticipated joke. In a disappointed mood I entered the park, and, finding myself alone, I stretched myself upon one of the benches by the Serpentine, and engaged myself in watching the movements of the various waterfowl which studded the surface of the water. How long I lay in this recumbent position I cannot precisely say, but my reverie was broken by the martial music of drum and fife, and I beheld regiment after regiment of our gallant volunteers "wheel" into the park (mark my military style) and defile right and left along the field of observation—all was life and motion. Soon the irregular dropping fire from the outlying skirmishers announced the approach of the foe, and as these bold fellows fell back gradually upon the main body, the blood of a thousand warlike ancestors seemed coursing in my veins. I say ancestors advisedly, for if I do not boast of my family having come over with the Conqueror, it is simply because the Conqueror found them here when he came over, with his band of brigands, and set up a Norman aristocracy over the heads of the true-born English nobility. With such feelings uppermost in my patriotic bosom, I watched the approach of the foe, and saw the defending army "deployed" in battle array by their general, who seemed to unite in his person the valour of a Falstaff and the military tactics of a Chelmsford, calmly awaiting the savage onslaught. On came the enemy through the hottest and thickest of fires, which did not stop their approach for an instant, away went the brave defenders of our hearths and homes to the right-about, leaving the foe masters of the position, which they now commenced to attack in their turn. My warrior-soul was in arms, my blood boiled to see an army of British troops leave their posts without striking a blow in defence of it, and shouting to a body of reserve who were well concealed behind an open wire-fence, in that stern voice of command which has always been a characteristic of our family greatness, the memorable words of the late

**BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES** (Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.



Duke of Wellington, "Up, guards, and at 'em." I brandished my umbrella and dashed at the foe.

"Now, then, come out o' that," said a gruff voice behind me, and I felt that I had a prisoner, and held with a grip of iron. In vain I struggled fiercely with the unseen enemy, and—all at once became conscious that I was knee-deep in the Serpentine, held firmly from behind, and was making frantic efforts to get at the ducks which were floating around, wondering at the uncouth figure which I presented to their gaze.

"What's all this about?" asked a stern voice, as its owner pushed his way through the now fast approaching crowd.

"Ere's a cove's been a-goin' fishing for ducks with a lumber-eller," was the reply of a small urchin, whom I almost annihilated with a look.

"Come along o' me," said the enemy, who was attired, I now noticed, with a dark blue tunic, which reached his knees, and was buttoned down the front, and was fastened around his middle with a black leather belt; he also wore a sable helmet, with a curiously wrought device in front.

"Where are the troops?" I gasped out, amazed at their sudden disappearance.

"What troops? 'Ere's no troops ere," said the foe. "You're drunk."

Now I give you, dear fatherly old bird, the word of a *Jackdaw* of truth, that I had not had one drop of anything that morning stronger than the waters of the Serpentine itself; but it was of no avail appealing to the unsophisticated rustics around me, they knew nothing of military ardour or of patriotic feeling; in their simplicity they thought everything good fun.

"Dear, dear, what is the matter?" asked a sympathising angel, who looked like a *hour* out for a walk.

"Only a cove been tryin' to commit suicide in two foot o' water," was the reply of a bystander.

The young lady immediately glanced at me with the corners of her beautiful eyes and retired to a seat, putting her handkerchief to her face, and I thought she would have gone into hysterics—bless their bright eyes, the ladies are the only true sympathisers after all.

After some difficulty in parleying, and a small donation to the enemy, whom I found to be a policeman, I was suffered to depart, which privilege I made no delay in exercising, and made my way to the gate, followed by a procession of yelling natives, who escorted me to the 'bus and gave me three cheers as I moved from their sight.

After some minutes' reflection, I mechanically raised my hand to consult my watch; alas! I found it had disappeared, guard and all, under the very eyes of the officious policeman! Simple Londoners, primitive and unsophisticated beings, ye have, at least, one denizen amongst you who has been educated elsewhere than in the city of morning milkeans and honest cabmen.

### THE FEDERATOIN OF TRADE UNIONS.

THE congress of trade-unionists which assembled in Manchester on Good Friday had for its object a purely defensive alliance of working men against the aggression of capitalists. At the same time the promoters of the scheme distinctly disclaim any intention to interfere in trade disputes, except upon invitation, and only then with the object of inducing the disputants, by mutual concessions, to avoid strikes and lock-outs. If the national federation becomes an accomplished fact, as it seems likely to do, the capitalists who seek to profit by the poverty and weakness of their employes will be confronted by a powerful organisation which will at least not fail to lay bare the flimsy ground upon which such employers rest for their justification. On the other hand, where employers really cannot produce goods at marketable prices, the operatives will certainly far more surely rely upon the representations of their own accredited officials, whose business it will be to learn the facts of market prices, than they now rely upon the statements of employers' bookkeepers.

In theory this programme would appear one of mutual advantage to employer and employed, and it is certainly the outcome of the better education which the working classes are now receiving, as compared with a generation past; but there can be no doubt the federation of trades will make speculation on the part of capitalists almost an impossibility. Employers who merely desire to have a fair profit, say 10 per cent on capital, will be able to call in the advisers of the workpeople, and be assured of good services from them, but the employers who simply wish to have the utmost profit that can be wrung out of their workpeople, will find themselves unable to cope with the new order of things.

Many employers will fight this federation upon the abstract question of the right of every man to settle his own affairs for himself, and will doubtless call for and gain the sympathy of many people who have a strong suspicion of the naughty working man, and yet the working classes are likely to hold by their federation. Nor, indeed, on national grounds, is it to be hoped that the operatives will give way in their adhesion to the union. As a rule, the employers, who are the hardest and most dissatisfied of their class, are men who finally distinguish themselves by attempts at money-making in a negative way—they try the value of the axiom of "three bankruptcies are as good as one fire." The positive injury to society which may arise in case this vast engine of federated labour should ever come to open war with capital, is the point which the learned and more world-wise will view with serious apprehension. For it is not unlike the sound of martial clangor to hear men talk of defence of labour, though such men do at the same time disclaim any but peaceful motives. As a mere matter of fact, the middle-classes' notion that trade unions are managed by men to whom agitation and popular ferment are the breath of their nostrils, is an ignorant and inexperienced delusion. The truth is that the officials of trade unions are bound to come to the front whenever a labour dispute has really assumed the proportion of a combat, but that this combat has been provoked by them, yea, even that these same officials have not done everything they could to prevent the combat, is an error of the most important kind. As a bare fact, the labour entailed upon union officials in the times of strikes is of the most anxious and formidable character, and, as a consequence, they one and all try their utmost to live at peace with the employers of their members.

The proposed federation will be a sort of Labour Intelligence Department, and will doubtless be of considerable service to the world at large in securing the distribution of labour to the wants of the localities. Whatever philosophers may think of the matter, patriotism cannot exist in the breast of a man who finds his country will not support him; and the state of the land laws in this country reduce the people to the necessity of living by manufacturing for the whole world. From this cause arises the fearfully keen competition for life, and Jack falls out with his master, and the masters fall out with each other. As a mere matter of fact, the whole lot of quarrels might be avoided by the proper cultivation of the soil, and until this is accomplished the people of England will always be in trouble about maintaining their supremacy as manufacturers.

Doubtless, we shall have the usual crop of complaints about the daring, dissatisfied spirit of the working classes, preferred by the middle-class organs on every hand, and yet, in very truth, this latent phase of unionism it but another leaf out of the capitalists' book. What are all the Chambers of Commerce? They are not for the assistance of the Government, or the people either, but simply that the merchants shall be able to make money. The same may be said of all the Inns of Courts among the lawyers, and the colleges of the clergy. The serious importance of the step taken by the trade-unionists last Friday may be best gauged by a recollection of how completely the lawyers and the clergy, by means of their restrictions, have taken to themselves the fat things of this country. The same is equally true of the army and navy, who have now become a class given over to writing and parliamentary speaking, until one-third of the total revenue of the land is expended among them. We hope that wisdom may guide the counsels of the federation of workmen, and that the programme of peace-making will be rigidly adhered to, for undoubtedly the union is one of the most powerful engines for good or evil of which this country has ever witnessed the beginning. It is most certain that if a war with capital is now inaugurated, there remains but one other step left to labour, and that step is a union of both capital and labour, and of the attempts in that direction hitherto witnessed, a flattering tale cannot at present be put forth. Let them (the federation) go on as a huge society of artisans, banded together for the purposes of trading, and not "striking," and it is scarcely possible to over-estimate its value to the people.

THE THEATRES.—Miss Jenny Lee commenced a twelve nights' engagement at the Prince's Theatre, on Easter Monday, in her well-known character of "Jo." There was a full house, and the familiarity of the part did not lessen the appreciation of the audience. At the Royal, the revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is running a successful course. Barry Sullivan has been drawing huge houses at the Queen's each night this week. Shakspeare may spell bankruptcy when his works are spoiled in the production of them; but, with Sullivan as his interpreter, Shakspeare means pleasure and profit all round.

### DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

## CURRANT "CHUCK" AND LENT AT ECCLES.

"A young lady is going every morning for the first hour to the parish church schools and asking the children what they have eaten the day before. She tells them it is Lent, and they 'must not eat currant pudding nor currant bread.'"—See letter in the *Eccles Advertiser*.]

IF there be one thing more than another that Lancashire children generally have a hankering after, it is currant "chuck" or currant pudding—not "should-be" or "come-love," with the currants at shouting distance, but with the currants closely "clutter'd" together. If there be one part of Lancashire more than another where trade with Zante is brisk, it is, of course, "The Land o' Cakes"—Eccles, to be sure. No wonder, when generations of the forefathers and foremothers have been given to eating currant cakes. Fancy, at this time of day, a holy war in Eccles against eating currant "chuck." Imagine the obstacles to be encountered in preaching a crusade against currant eating. What diabolical crimes have been committed under its baneful influence; think of the way it rouses up the old Adam and provokes the worst passions into play. Plumpudding is a monster, parkin a fiend, treacle-toffy an imp, mintcake *memento mori*, but currant "chuck" bangs them all in inciting to dark deeds and inducing depraved morals. No wonder we hear of an Eccles amazon coming forward and spending the first hour every morning in the National Schools denouncing to the children the imminent danger and the damnable heresy of eating currant cakes and currant pudding. This is a specimen of denominational teaching, religious education. It is to be hoped that care has been taken to secure funds for presenting each child with a medal who shall pass in this kind of Christian knowledge. It must be admitted that the Diocesan Board and the Eccles school managers are doing a most noble work in enlightening the minds of the young ignorami on such a saving subject. The Board of Guardians, too, are doing admirably in paying school fees for tuition of this advanced order. The bread which guardians usually provide is not overstocked with currants. What shall we say to the "young lady" who has made this brilliant discovery, and with self-denial comes out to propound her new doctrine? The best thing which occurs to us just now is the Shaksperian advice—"Go, get thee to a nunnery."

## PEEVISH WOMEN.

[FROM THE LIVERPOOL "LIBERAL REVIEW."]

LIFE is more or less monotonous for all of us. There are times when almost every person feels sick at heart and inclined to wish that he or she had never been born. We grow weary of doing the same things, of seeing the same sights, of thinking the same thoughts, and of contemplating that mysterious and awe-inspiring blank which we call the future. Our souls are hungry, but for what they hunger we should not perhaps, be able to say if we were called upon to do so. The one thing which we can be certain about is that we are profoundly dissatisfied with what is. Idle people, especially, are prone to repine under the hard fate of which they imagine themselves the victims. They nurse their sorrows and cherish the dismal fancies with which they are afflicted. Moreover, they seem to fall into the way of thinking that the people with whom they are brought in contact are in some way responsible for what causes them discomfort. They endeavour to kill time, but too often their efforts only result in further exasperation and mortification to themselves. This is especially the case with women of a certain sort. These women are, unfortunately, very peevish and very plentiful. They are perpetually out of sorts, and they are continually adopting sorry devices to lessen the burden which presses so heavily upon them. It is quite a common thing for them to persuade themselves that they are poor invalids. Having persuaded themselves that they are poor invalids they next persuade themselves that they ought to do as little as possible and to be tenderly nursed. They get into their heads the idea that if they walked a mile they would be seriously injured, if not killed outright. They are convinced that never were there such sufferers as they from head-ache as well as heart-ache; and they conclude that you are a brute if you slam the door or in any other way outrage their very sensitive nerves. It is quite possible that they are not over strong. It would be strange if they were, seeing the lives they lead. But it does not occur to them that they would be infinitely more robust if they were considerably less careful of themselves, and that by thinking of and acting for the benefit of others they would materially sweeten their own lot. They imagine that the foolish "coddling" process is almost, if not quite, necessary to their existence, and so they persevere in it, though as a consequence they

sink lower and lower into the depths of despondency and illhealth. Nor do they stop at damaging themselves in the way indicated. As they have nothing particular to engage their thoughts, they pine after excitement even more than do the generality of work-a-day humanity. They wish to be admired; and, with strange inconsistency, they distort themselves in a variety of ways. Perhaps, they indulge in the folly of tight-lacing; or, perhaps, they indulge in the folly of wearing boots too small for them. In either case, they utterly ruin their tempers. Heaven help the poor husband who takes his wife out for a walk when she has tight boots on! He may endeavour to be amusing; if he does, his jokes will, probably, be greeted with withering contempt; he may become poetical, and rhapsodically point out the beauties of the scenery which he sees on either hand of him; if he does, he will, possibly, either have his remarks ignored altogether or be told not to be silly. Even beautiful things are not attractive when they are looked at by a person whose feet are being squeezed just as if they were in vices; even the sweet summer breeze and the beauties of nature are not likely to be appreciated by a lady with a not particularly well-balanced mind, who suffers positive torture every time that she puts her foot to the ground. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the poor martyr is so in love with her little feet that she continues to wear boots a size too small for her, and in the end spoils the shape of that of which she is so unreasonably proud. But the wearing of tight boots, and the practice of tight-lacing, are not the only follies in which a woman of the peevish order indulges. The chances are that she detests the house in which she resides. If it is at one end of the town she would rather that it were at the other. If it is detached she would prefer it to be in a terrace, and so on. Then she is convinced that it is draughty, or unhealthy, or in some other respect anything but what it should be. When her hapless husband comes home it is to have a string of complaints poured into his ears, and to hear, over and over again, that there never was such a poor, ill-used, suffering martyr as his wife. He does not materially improve matters if, in answer to her constant whines, he removes his camp. The probabilities are that she will, in the long run, discover that she liked the old house better than she does the new, and that she wishes she had never been inveigled—save the mark!—into removing from it. Or, if her house pleases her for the moment she discovers that it is not furnished in the beautiful way that some of her neighbours' are. So that, in any case, she has no difficulty in finding an excuse for an inordinate amount of growling.

It often happens that, at the outset of her career, the peevish woman has really little whatever to complain of—that she has no trials over and above those which are incidental to humanity in general. But it is too frequently the case that in the end she gets something substantial to cry about. Her husband wearies of her "naggings" and complainings. Perhaps the love which he bears her dies out, for love can be killed by scowls and harsh words just as it can be called into existence by smiles and sweet speeches. If he ceases to love her—if her society becomes positively painful and irksome to him, for the simple reason that she allows no peace and moves heaven and earth to have all her own way, whatever his wishes and tastes may be—what is more natural than that he should seek abroad that sympathy and comfort which he ought to be able to obtain at home? It may be wrong for him to do so; but men when they are exasperated beyond the point of endurance are not prone to act according to the rights and the wrongs of a matter. They are accustomed to behave in the manner that is calculated to give them most peace or to give outward form to the soreness which they feel. Of course, when the husband does fall into the way of leaving the peevish and selfish wife pretty much to herself she can at least afford herself the consolation of posing before the world as a neglected and injured being. But this consolation is a sorry one; and the unsatisfactory state of things which we have depicted but too frequently leads to complications which effectually debar the interested parties from ever again enjoying anything like domestic happiness. It matters little on which side popular sympathy runs; the sense of injury and neglect remains and sears the soul as if with a red-hot iron. No doubt, the wife will have her adherents, and the husband will have his; but it is an awfully sad state of things when a husband and wife are supported against each other instead of by each other. Moreover, the peevish woman will, in the long run, become estranged from her friends just as she becomes estranged from her husband.

THE proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on "a new head" for it. "Do not do it," advised a rival sheet; "better keep the money, and buy a new head for the editor," which implied a great deal.

**COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS** (MADE TO ORDER.) JOHN CHETHAM, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TID STREET, MANCHESTER. (Repairs neatly executed.)





## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT we hope Good Friday was spent to the entire satisfaction of the Bishop this year.

That the theatres and other places of amusement were certainly well patronised.

That the railway companies and the Carriage Company were perfectly satisfied.

That the publicans have taken to grumbling almost as much as the farmers.

That it was the farmers and the publicans, along with the clergymen, who put the present Government in power.

That the farmers and the publicans have seldom been worse off than they are to-day.

That our own P.D. says it serves them right.

That Beaconsfield cannot delay the dissolution much longer.

That we wonder if the Liberals are ready for the coming conflict.

That if they are not—why not?

That the Government have been getting it hot this week.

That the following is Mr. Bright's terrible indictment against them.

That they have played falsely both with Parliament and with the country.

That they have wasted, and are now wasting, the blood and treasure of our people.

That they have tarnished the mild reign of the Queen by needless wars and slaughter on two continents, and by menace of needless wars in Europe.

That they have soiled the fair name of England, after the population of a province had been freed by Russia through war and treaty, by handing it over to the cruel and odious government of the Turk.

That they have shown, during a period of five years through which they have been in possession of office and of power, that they are imbecile at home and turbulent and wicked abroad.

That the Right Honourable gentleman leaves Beaky and his dupes to the judgment of the constituencies and the condemnation of history.

That Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, speaking at Sheffield the same night, was almost equally hard on this poor decrepit and decaying Government.

That he said their policy had brought the country nothing but "debt, danger, disaster, disgust, and disgrace."

That our P. D.—who must have his dirty fingers in every pie—says that Sir William might have thrown in a few more D's with considerable advantage.

That the "wreath of gold" is now on view.

That we mean the "working men's" wreath to be presented to the Premier.

That Mr. Chamberlain says it cost two hundred pounds, and that, even to raise that amount, Tory M.P.'s were canvassed for subscriptions.

That Mr. Chamberlain, who is nothing if not smart, thinks it is most fitting that a sham testimonial should be presented to a sham patriot and a sham statesman.

That he hopes Lord Beaconsfield will, after this, show his confidence in the "working men of England" by appealing once more to "the country he has betrayed, to the taxpayers whose burdens he has increased, and to the working classes whose industry he has paralysed."

That if we had a little more plain speaking and hard hitting like this there would be less chance of the country being dragged through the mire and ruined by political adventurers of the Dizzy stamp.

## GOOD AND BAD NEWS.

IT is bad news to be told, as we are told by the gentleman himself, that Mr. W. H. Houldsworth is a good Liberal, and yet consents to stand as the Conservative candidate for Manchester. It is good news to be told, as we are told by the nobleman himself, that Lord Derby is tired of the Tories and their ways, and that, therefore, he has withdrawn from the Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations. With Mr. Houldsworth in it and Lord Derby out of it, the Conservative party is in an exceedingly bad way indeed. We wish it joy!

## LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is one of the few living poets who will live through all time. He has sung enough already to make himself immortal. His latest poem is eminently worthy of the man. It is a reply to a number of children who presented him on his seventy-second birthday with an arm-chair made from the wood of "The Village Blacksmith's" chesnut tree; and is as follows:—

Am I a King, that I shall call my own

This splendid ebony throne?

Or by what reason, or what right divine,

Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song

It may to me belong;

Only because the spreading chesnut tree

Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,

When in the summer-time

The affluent foliage of its branches made

A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,

Its blossoms white and sweet

Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,

And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn with a shout

Tossed its great arms about,

The shining chesnuts, bursting from the sheath,

Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,

Shaped as a stately chair,

Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,

And whispered of the Past.

The Danish King could not in all his pride

Repel the ocean tide;

But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme

Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in visions sees,

The blossoms and the bees,

And hear the children's voices shout and call,

And the brown chesnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,

I hear the bellows blow,

And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat

The iron, white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me

This day a jubilee,

And to my more than three score years and ten

Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,

And in it are enshrined

The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought

The givers' loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could

Give life to this dead wood,

And make these branches, leafless now so long,

Blossom again in song.

**DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,**

with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. SNAKE RINGS 3s. 6d. (3 and 4 colls). SIGNET, 1s. 8d. and 2s. 6d. BUCKLE RINGS, 2s.; very Charles Buckle, 3s., with or without 3 Stones. Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 578, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.



## THE SILVER QUESTION.

**W**HAT is this silver question so many long-winded letters are written about? The *Jackdaw* can hardly tell, any more than any of the writers of these pedantic essays; and yet there must be some question, or somebody must think so. We have been honoured by visits from gentlemen of Liverpool and London, who, laying aside all the pomp and gentility of these two refined cities, came here to shed the light of their genius on the question, and we have been enlightened. One, we think the man of London, told us the cheapness of gold had made seventy thousand miles of railways in the States in these few recent years, and bridged the Atlantic with steamers, and much more of that sort, and that cheap silver would ruin all England, and blot India from the map of the world. The *Jackdaw* is too stupid to understand this luminary. The Liverpool gentlemen we can understand better. They say Government must declare that silver, however scarce or plentiful, must be exchangeable for gold at a fixed rate. The proposal is equal to saying that for all time to come three pounds of refined sugar shall be exchangeable for one pound of black congon. That is not a question too difficult for any washerwoman to see through, and to decide on, but it is so simple that to write learnedly about it, some mystery must be introduced, some pedantic phrases coined by noodles from Liverpool, and extra pedantic phrases again must be used by Manchester men in reply. Wherefore this waste? There is a silver question, or one more real, before our Indian merchants, and they only can answer it. When will they leave off the bad habit of shipping goods which are not wanted, and which they cannot hold for a favourable market. You complain, my illustrious merchant prince, that the purchasing power of the rupee is not what it was, and that you can get no more Rupees for your goods now than when it was worth five or six per cent more than it is to-day. This comes, you tell me, of the silver question. Now, my illustrious merchant prince, remember that when you shipped shirtings, costing you twenty shillings a piece, which you can now buy at seven shillings, you could, and did, get more rupees for them than you do now, and that only by an old-fashioned device—that of sending away goods which you thought were wanted, and of holding them till you could sell at a profit. Try the same now and see if the result will not be in 1879 what it was in 1864. That is the silver question, or the question which made the silver question, and the merchants in the Indian trade have the answer in their own power.

The *Jackdaw*, however, is always more concerned with the human elements on any controversy than with the commercial, and confesses to a certain kindly interest in seeing our friends show their points in the contest. We do not expect logic from Liverpool, we expect to see busy-bodies airing ideas which they only half understand, even from their own side. Never do we remember anything different from that quarter, and it will disappoint us if we find an amendment in a hurry. There is something in the air of Liverpool inimical to conclusive reasoning—why, we should like to know?—Some say they have too many Yankees among them; some they are too near Ireland; we cannot say, but there the fact remains, and we would in a very friendly way say to Liverpool economists—Play the fool at home. In all great commercial matters, requiring an elegant pen, we are sure to find Mr. John Mills, of Manchester, come to the front. We do not require to look to the newspapers to see if he is writing—we take that for granted and go with confidence to the dailies to enjoy his performances. His are not your common commercial letters, stating facts or drawing inferences. He must exalt and adorn what he touches. He could not say two and two make four, but he can demonstrate to intelligences capable of scientific apprehension, that two and two are equivalent to a sum twenty per centum less than five. A clear conception he seems to have, and if it is expressed in terms somewhat too learned, we must remember the irrepressible scholasticism of the author. Think of a gentleman speaking of gold being the "natural selection" of European nations, as a medium of exchange. He might know that "natural selection" means, in scientific language, the blind instinctive selection of unreasoning creatures, not the selection by intelligent Europeans of the commodity best suited to their end. Mr. Mills has read Darwin and must show it. We have often, much too often, been told a Scotchman cannot understand a joke. He can, and can make one, too. What else can explain Mr. Alexander Muir taking up over a column four days in succession to say what he has said. He must be poking fun at us all the time. One good thing he does say, and that is that there is an easier way of providing

cheap money than by a dual currency in metals—that paper is the cheapest and handiest commodity to use for that purpose. So the *Jackdaw* will tell a little story. When about the beginning of the American Civil War when Mr. Secretary Chase was printing greenbacks so abundantly, and carrying on that wasteful and gigantic struggle almost without cost—to all appearance—a pestilent fellow got into Chase's office in his absence, and left an illustrative sketch for the study of Chase and the other members of the Government. It was a printing machine in the form of a goose, swallowing gold and laying greenbacks. Mr. Chase returning to the office along with honest Abraham Lincoln, saw the sketch and got very hot, declaring he would whip the rascal who had done it. "I would give a thousand dollars to know who had done it." "Which end would you pay it at?" said Lincoln. We recommend the question to the bimetallicists.

## TRAIN AND TRAM TALK.

[BY A TOWN TRAVELLER.]

**T**HERE'S a good joke in the *Weekly Times* [reads]:—"The committee who manage the Peel Park Museum have recently acquired possession of a Derbyshire cave 'find,' consisting of animal remains, which have been fixed by Professor Boyd Dawkins as of pre-historic date. Some difficulty, mixed with amusement, was experienced at the meeting of the committee in assessing the value of these old bones, one member suggesting that they should be bought by weight at the rate of twopence per pound. However, it was finally decided, I believe, that two guineas should be paid for the lot."

"That reminds me of the story of a library committee who were deciding as to the price to give for some books that had been offered for purchase. The chairman read out the title of a book for which five shillings was asked. 'May I see that wolum, Mr. Cheermon?' asked one of the members. It was handed to him. He did not look at the book, not even at the title, but poised it on his hands as though to weigh it, and solemnly observed, 'I vote we buy this. It's good weight for five shillings!'"

"Spring is here."

"Yes, I saw a tree full of leaves yesterday."

"In a treepot?"

"No, in a garden."

"What sort was it?"

"An evergreen!"

"Who is it has been writing about marriages at the Old Church?"

"Why, sir, don't you know, sir?"

"No, I've not heard."

"The Bishop!"

"I didn't know he was a contributor to the press."

"Well, sir, he is a frequent contributor to the newspapers, and especially to the *City Jackdaw*."

"Has there been much imposition?"

"Not perhaps more than one might have expected, for human nature is but a poor affair after all."

"Have you had some recent experience?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Well, you know I don't approve of street beggars, but the other evening a very decent-looking woman stopped me and asked for help."

"And you gave it?"

"She told a very reasonable story. She had come from Bury to seek work, had not found it, and wanted to get back. Whilst I was talking with her Thompson came up. He heard her tale, and we each gave her a shilling, and she went her way."

"How do you know then that she was an imposter?"

"*Festina lente*. I walked on, and in a few minutes I saw this woman again. She had slipped down a bye street. She gave a whistle, and was immediately joined by a great hulking scoundrel, who asked her what luck she had had. I will give you her answer word for word:—"Two blooming idiots have given me a shilling a-piece, so now, Jack, we'll have a spree."

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## POLICE INTERFERENCE.

IN our last week's issue we drew attention to a police case which had been tried before the Cheshire magistrates, where a police constable, named Reece, had shown more energy than discretion in the performance of his duty. Since then another case has come under our notice, for the accuracy of which we can vouch. A short time ago Mr. A, who had been spending the evening with some friends, on leaving them to go home, had to pass a place of amusement usually open till one a.m. As a matter of curiosity Mr. A, who on his way had met a friend B, thought he and his friend would see the "fair" creatures turning out, for which purpose A stood by himself on the pavement. No sooner had he taken up his position than D 000, seeing a strange face, said—"Come, move on." But A, knowing that he was doing nothing wrong, thought he wouldn't move on, but did not say so, mind, and he remained where he was. After some further parley and threats of being "taken to station," he was taken there. A himself expressed a desire to go there, as he (poor innocent fly) thought that an authority at the station would decide such a matter fairly, that at most the authority would point out that A was wrong in not moving on when requested to do so by D 000. Besides, the station was on A's way home. A was soon undecieved, for on nearing the station D 000 began to grip his victim tightly. This is their way of breaking the news gently (considerate creatures); and, on reaching the station, the officer in charge of it (who, for convenience, we will call Mr. Authority) said—"What's your charge?" D 000: "Drunk and obstructing the footpath in ——— Street." Authority (to prisoner, as we shall now call A): "What's your name, address, and occupation?" which, having been given, D 000 proceeds to state the facts (?) of the case. Authority (to prisoner): "What have you got to say about it?" Explanation as above given by prisoner; when Authority, seeing he has not sufficient evidence to detain prisoner, says, "I suppose he was drunk and rolling about?" "Oh, yes," says D 000 (that man deserves promotion—he would be invaluable to the Dodson and Fogg of Pickwickian fame). Authority (to prisoner): "Have you any witnesses, or evidence to offer?" Prisoner has heard his friend B's voice amongst a crowd which has followed him to the station, and he says, "Yes; one person outside—call him in." He is called in, and substantiates A's statement, but when he comes into the office another person comes in along with him, and says, "I have seen all the affair, and I want to give my evidence." This evidence is given, and is perfectly in accordance with the prisoner's own statement. The prisoner afterwards discovers that this voluntary evidence is given by a solicitor (practising in the village in which this scene is laid, and perfectly unknown to the prisoner) also on his way home from a party. His attention had been attracted by the injustice of the affair, and he determined to put matters right if possible. Authority to prisoner: "What have you got in your pockets? Turn them out. You'll have to stay." Prisoner is quite taken aback, and can only say "This is monstrous!" Prisoner A is a respectable married man with a family, and occupying a most responsible position. Friend B and the solicitor say, "Oh, but we'll go bail." The authority can't accept it; of course not; prisoner A might go to a doctor and obtain his opinion as to his sobriety, and thus upset all that the spiders have been doing. Prisoner, seeing the dilemma he has got into, knows it is beyond his power to get out of it, resigns himself to the situation, and turns out his pockets. After giving up about thirty pounds' worth of valuables, he begs that he may be allowed to retain certain keys. "No," says Authority, "if you don't give them up they will be taken from you." Prisoner A is walked off to the cells and his friends leave to find bail for him by four a.m., the first gaol delivery taking place at that time. They proceed to A's home, where they are informed by the servant that the "Missus" had gone to town to see if anything has happened to prevent her husband returning home. They ask the servant if Mr. A has any friends in the neighbourhood, and they are shown to the house of a friend, whom they knock up, and three of them present their cards, saying they are friends of Mr. A's, who is locked-up at the station, and they have come to find independent bail for him by four a.m. They regale themselves with cigars, liquor, and conversation, till it is time to set out on their mission. A finds his property restored to him and leaves the station, vowing inquiry into the affair, but the solicitor and friends say, "Oh, let it slide, don't you say anything about it, but when you go before the magistrates, just plead 'Guilty,' and you will be fined five shillings and the matter will be ended. If you don't, and if you dispute the matter, the press will report it, probably you will not succeed in

proving your case, and, moreover, the affair will get to the ears of your employers, who haven't an intimate knowledge of how these little affairs are managed, and will perhaps visit you with evils dire." A sees it's no use, goes before the magistrates, is fined five shillings, and goes off exulting that he has got out of the affair so easily. But alas! he counted his chickens before they were hatched. The affair came to his employers' ears, and, although he was not visited with evils dire, yet a disagreeable impression was formed that it will perhaps take a considerable time to efface, if ever. Now, A admits that he had been spending the evening (which may mean a great deal), but two of his witnesses said he was perfectly sober. One said it could be seen that he had been drinking, but he was none the worse for it, and A himself says that (at the least) when a man can walk about half a mile to a police-station without support, and without rolling about, and give a coherent explanation of his conduct, he is certainly not drunk. Not only was this done, but he had such faith in the justice of his own action that he gave his correct name and address. Now, what has been the effect of this locking-up business? 1stly—Authority and D 000 know one another. Authority knows that D 000 is a conscientious man who does his duty (?) fearlessly. D 000 knows that Authority understands him and his use, and that he deserves reward (let's hope that he'll get it). 2ndly—A's employers look upon A with less confidence than formerly, not that they disbelieved A's version of the affair, but still A has been fined by the magistrates, and he pleaded "guilty." 3rdly—A reads in a report on crime that a man who has once been in the hands of the police stands so many per cent more chances of falling into their hands again. He wonders if he will be one of the fatal ones. He considers, "Well, they have my height, peculiarities, marks, &c., and if only some disturbance, some slight difference with a policeman in a crowd, at a fire, or elsewhere, should place me in their hands I shall be recorded as an habitual criminal, poor fellow!" Suppose this had happened to a working man without friends to support him, and who had a failing towards strong drink, he would have found the eagle eye of the law was always resting on him, and with its grip ready to pounce on him. Such a palpable case as this will only bear comment such as that energetic men are apt to express in few words, as "It's a shame that such things should be allowed." We have noticed that when a poor unfortunate postman, giving way to temptation, steals a letter, he invariably gets brought before the judge, who sentences him to five years' penal servitude for breach of trust. Now, when a policeman steals the liberty and good name of another man (not an ordinary temptation, but only the action of a monster) should he not get five years' penal servitude, or twice five years? Ay, or more than that, for his breach of trust is so despicable that honest men are loth to believe that the human race is so degenerate.

## RECIPROCITY.

"EH Sammy," said owd Jone o' Isaac's, "aw'm fain t' see thi; wheere asta bin o these months sin aw seed thi last?"

"Well," said Sammy, "aw've bin wanderin, an' wanderin, an' wanderin agean o thro' t' fells an' lones, an' wheereriver aw cud hang mi yed sint trade o went eant o'th' counthry. Aw dunno wot poor folk man do; they an' t' get summat t' ate, an' yet they'n ner able t' get owt t' do; an' wot con they do? Aw'm licht, an' that's a fact. Aw suppos th' warkhouse nll ba' t' be my lot."

"Never!" said owd Jone, "whoile aw've a bit t' spare, anneaw. Aw coort stond that nayther. Heaw dust akeant fur o this bad trade i' silk weyvin; other branches seem brisk enoof?"

"Of coorse they are," said Sammy, "an' so wud silk weyvin be brisk enoof, bo fur that French treaty o' Dicky Cobden's. He wantud stop thoos French kurnals fro' talkin abeant comin o'er here wi' their sowjers, so he made um a present o'th' silk trade t' keep um quiet."

"An' dosta think that is th' rayson," said Jone, "that thee an' o thos fellows ut's ramblin abeant your heause anowt t' do?"

"Aw do; an' wot's further," said Sammy, "aw'm sure o' it."

"Why," said Jone, "they coan that trayty th' French Free Trade Trayty; dostna beleev i' free trade? Dostna remember heaw Bobby Peel browt haave-creawn loaves deawn t' fourpence hawpenny?"

"Yoi, yoi," said Sammy, "aw remember o abeant it. That wur proper free trade. Th' furriers gan us corn, an' we gan them sum cloas, bo these Frenchmen give poor folk nowt, and they give chep silk to th' rich, an' chep wine to th' rich, an' poor silk weyvers i' this counthry mun starve, or beg, or booth starve an' beg."



"Aw'm vastly sorry, aw tell thi, Sam," said Jone, "bo hasna tha any way to help thisel, or dosta think Cobden didna kno wot he wur dooin when he signed th' trayty?"

"Aw cannot do mich i'th' way o' helpin misel," said Sammy, "as fur as I've seen yet; an' whether Cobden knew wot he wur dooin aw cannot tell. Sumtoimes thoos big chaps dunno care. They think poor folk ull eyther get eant o' it, or dee in it, an' it doesna mich matter which to them."

"Well, but tha knows Dicky Cobden wur a fause-yeded chap," said Jone, "an' wur an Englishman too; he wudna go to th' French an' give um o theese advantages for nowt. Neaw wot did he get besides chep silk and chep wine? Thoos wur sartinty o fur th' rich. Wot did he get for th' poor?"

"Whoi," said Sammy, "he got nowt. Th' French Emperor Nap wur too many fur him. Cobden agreed to let th' French tax o th' English goods ut wur loikely t' goo theer according t' theer vally i' hard cash, bo he let th' French send o they eud to this country without a tax on um, an' that's heaw Cobden has ruint th' silk trade. There's no deant abeant it."

"Bo hasta yerd onybody grumble beside thisel?" said Jone.

"To be sure aw have," said Sammy, "awve yerd folk say that becose Bobby Peel did a good thing i' takking corn laws off, an' gieing us some chep bred, that free trade has got i' a lot o' folks' yeds, an' driven um mad."

"Bo aw cannot see wot better wi should bi wi' haeing to pay moor fur eaur goods ner wi han t' pay neaw," said Jone. "Dosta think as heaw Cobden thowt that nayther thee ner any o'th' folks i' Macsfeldt an' Coventry had any reet t' start o' a job which yo' couldna do without folks paying yo' moor fur t' stuff than they could ha' gotten off th' French fur?"

"That tale is a pack o' rubbish," said Sammy; "yo' cannot blame me, an' lots o' fellys loike me, who han simply followed their feythers' bizziness. Dosta see that eaur feythers started these trades before onybody dreamt abeant th' French makking silk an' sending it o'er here."

"Aw kno' that," said Jone, "an' o' aw con say abeant it is that as every mon has a reet t' shift fur hissel, yo' weyvers ha no reet t' complain becose Cobden made a way fur a lot o' folks t' have whot they wanted as chep as possible."

"It's yeasy fur thee t' talk i' that fashion, when thi table is awlus weel spread," said Sammy, "bo if thean'd have a dozen pair o' little childer yammerin for bread, an' theau hadn't i' t' gie um, through no faut o' thine, thean'd change thi tune. Aw suppos theau'll say as heaw th' rich have a reet t' mak laws fur their own benefit, even if t' poor starve thro' it?"

"Neaw thean's gan mi a corker," said Jone, an' he scat his yed as if it wur full o' mouldywarps, an' then he said, "Aw th' fant is wi' Government; they owt t' gan notice fur o lot o' yers, so as folk wudna ha' put their sons to th' trade o' their feythers, fur theau sees a mon is vary loikely t' expect his trade winno leev him i' that fashion. Bo theau knos, Sam, th' French didno' do i' this way, they kept certain taxes on eaur goods gooin i' their, bo aw cannot see they'n gotten any advantage wi' it."

"They'n kept furriners eant o' their own markets," said Sammy, "an' aw think that is some advantage."

"Whoi," said Jone, "they wantun t' trade wi' us, an' if they sell to us, they mun buy off us, or else th' ships ull ha' t' goo one journey empty. An' besides, if furriners ha' summat as ull suit us better nor whot we han o' eaur own mak, whoi shouldna wi buy it?"

"Becose," said Sammy, "whoile yo're buyin abroad, yo're own countrymen are starvin fur th' trade awhoam."

"Aw'll tell thi wot it is," said Jone, "aw'll agree wi' thi it's very hard a mon should lose his trade thro alterations i' th' laws, bo that country which has neglected to mainly keep her own people by what she grows in her soil, has laid o th' people under a great danger o' bein penniless whenever people begin to supply themselves wi' what they wantun to clothe an' keep um. We owt mainly t' keep eaurself by eaur own growth, an' fur eaur luxuries an' finery depend upon manufacturers and furriners."

"An' wot would yo' do wi' people ut's got o theer money fast i' trades that are put eant o' date by furriners, after these free-trade treaties?" said Sammy.

"Whoi," said Jone, "aw'd gi' um some socart o' compensation, same as th' Parlyment gan to th' slaveowners when th' blacks were set free i' Jamaica an' th' West Indies."

"Well, bo if yoan look afther Rayseyprocity i'th' treaties there ud bi no need t' do that," said Sammy.

"Rayseyprocity be hanged," said Jone; it's nayther just ner wise fur

th' Government t' mak us buy off th' chaps i' Macsfeldt or Coventry at a high price goods we con get cheper fro' France. Yo' mite as weel tax one teawn again another, as one country again another. Besoides, a protected trade is really a tax on th' people, for th' benefit of a few tradesmen. Then thoos tradesmen may fairly be said to be living on th' charity o' them as buys their goods, becose purchasers pay above th' real value o'th' goods.

"Then aw suppoos a mon shud buy o he wants if he finds eant that somebody can produce um cheper ner him?" said Sammy. Wot wud become o' thoos ut live i' Heligoland, an' Iceland, an' Greenland, an' thoos places; they cannot produce owt as chep as other people? Aw reckon they mun suck their fingers an' spend o their money becose furriners con work cheper, eh?"

"Nawt 'ut soart," said Jone; "there's nowt chep as wi han buy wi money when wi could ha' had it by a little industry. Wot we'n got t' do is get a good education, get the land under cultivation, keep the peace towards o'th' world, work at jobs suited to our country and climate, an' buy th' rest fro' furriners, an' they'll do th' same t' us. When we try t' do wark not suitable to us we do it, to be sure; bo we are lolke a mon who digs a grave wi' a tayspoon istid ov a spade. As for Rayseyprocity, it's Jingo bosh; that's o."

### "BOSH."

A GROCER at Brompton was lately charged with selling butter at one shilling per pound, which contained eighty per cent of common fat.

The grocer said he did not sell butter at all at that price, but only an article called "yellow," or "bosh," and it was well worth one shilling per pound. The magistrate did not think bosh was worth one shilling per pound, and so he fined the grocer forty shillings and costs, besides ten shillings for the analyst. We wish to direct the attention of the worthy magistrate to some other notable samples of "yellow bosh" in his own neighbourhood sold to the people at a fearful price, the effects of which are felt in Lancashire just now keenly. First, then, there is—

ROYAL BOSH.—We cannot tell the total price of this article. Its cost is probably about one and a half millions per annum, but it is of a retiring disposition just now, and only comes before the public when enticed by Ministerial bosh (q.v.). The latest sample was when Lord Chelmsford got up at three o'clock one morning and took his army out of the road whilst King Cetewayo murdered a regiment and stole half-a-million of money. The royal bosh on this occasion consisted of a telegram saying that Chelmsford's royal mistress had full confidence in his ability. (P.S.—No doubt Chelmsford's friends were immensely gratified at this assurance, as up to that moment they had not discovered my lord was possessed of a peculiarity worthy the name of ability.)

MINISTERIAL BOSH.—As there are several varieties, we will name those under their separate heads:—

(1) Disraelian Bosh.—This consists of a flippantly-worded species of books and speeches, largely purchased by a peculiar race of people called Jingoos. The books are rather priggish in their character, and generally teach that the genus Jew is the natural lord of creation, and will, one day, come again to his own at Jerusalem. The speeches largely consist of attacks upon the private character of distinguished statesmen in this country, and innuendoes against the character of the people thereof. The latest speech declared he did not believe the people were in distress. The speeches are supposed to be much admired by the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family.

(2) Northcottian Bosh.—This is a most peculiar kind. It is a sort of three-card trick. It is a little uncertain how this kind of bosh is manufactured, because the manufacturer had the reputation of being the first apprentice of Mr. Gladstone, but as the Northcottian manufacturer has lately begun to put off his creditors for twelve months, it is hourly expected the concern will stop altogether, as they have stopped payment already. It is believed the friends of this bosh manufacturer will have to pay his debts for decency's sake.

(3) Crossian Bosh.—This is usually believed to be the most honest article made by the Ministerial Bosh Company, and yet the farmers have called out loudly that they have been deceived by its purchase, and mutterings have even been heard from the gaols that the magistrates are little more at liberty than the prisoners, and if the "great unpaid" are not better treated in future they will go out on strike. We are not certain whether they sent a representative to the Trade Union Conference last Friday, but if they did not they were in a mind to do so.

**JINGO BOSH.**—This is a species of the most contemptuous kind known to this country. Arrogating to themselves a monopoly of religious virtue, and a solicitude for the Constitution, they go vapouring about the town wherever there is a drunken orgie, and recklessly endanger both the Crown and the Constitution by pot-bellied rowdism wherever the court of Britain is represented by one of the Jingo party.

**ECCLIESIASTICAL BOSH.**—There is much dispute as to the identity of this article, but there are one or two kinds of the purest breed, and of unmistakable quality. The first kind is the ecclesiastical toadying bosh, in which the working classes are taught to render respect and obedience to their "pastors and masters," whom God has placed over them. The second sort of ecclesiastical bosh is the Bible and the beer barrel bosh, in which the parson lectures the ungodly for drunkenness, and then heads the list of requisitionists praying the magistrates to enlarge some beerseller's license into that of a licensed victualler, thus creating more drunkenness, more "vested interests," and a stronger electoral power when the friend, of the bottle and the Bible are to the fore.

The foregoing are a few of the choicest specimens of bosh offered to the public. The prices are infinitely higher than one shilling per pound, the Disraelian bosh selling as high as £5,000 a year, and some sorts of ecclesiastical bosh selling as high as £15,000 a year. If the energetic and prudent young man employed by the Brompton magistrates will summon the vendors of these frightfully high-priced and worthless descriptions of bosh, the country at large will receive a service for which the entire labouring and commercial classes have been sighing for several years.

#### THE ATHENÆUM DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

**T**HE members of this society have given their closing performances of the season in the Lecture Hall of the Athenæum, one of the entertainments being for the benefit of the Hospital for Incurables. The performances commenced with George Colman's comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*, and concluded with the well-known farce entitled *The Area Belle*. The costumes and scenery were, as usual, appropriate, and the somewhat difficult characters were sustained by the several ladies and gentlemen in a very efficient manner. The society, as a body, may congratulate itself upon being, by careful study, one of the first amateur dramatic societies in the county, if not in the country.

#### THE MORALITY OF LICENSING.

**A**BOUT twelve months ago a publican applied to the magistrates for the transfer of a license from one great thoroughfare to another. A rival publican and brewer objected, contending that there was sufficient public-house accommodation already in that neighbourhood—a view endorsed by Mr. Headlam, and the transfer was refused. The brewer is now the applicant for an out-door license for a shop never hitherto used as a place for the retailing of liquors. The brewer has proceeded much more deftly in the accomplishment of his purpose, and appears to have taken out a wholesale dealer's license from the excise, and, armed with this license, is now applying for a retail license for the house in question. This place is forty yards from another public-house, fifty-five yards from a second public-house, and in a space of sixteen acres there are twenty-four beerhouses and five public-houses there already. To make the matter worse, during the winter now fast passing away, about seven-tenths of the entire population of the district were fed by the hand of charity. If this fact be not sufficient to cause the brewer's application to be refused, the licensing system is a farce, and the working-classes ought not to be punished for drunkenness.

#### CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**I**T is done at last. The golden wreath is ready for Beaconsfield's noble brow. One of our London Tory contemporaries goes into ecstasies over it. This is what it says:—"The wreath which is to be presented to the Prime Minister is made of twenty-two carat gold, and has been made entirely by hand. It has been the aim of the manufacturers, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, to produce, as far as possible, an exact representation of natural leaves. With this view the workmen have had constantly before them the leaves of the *laurus nobilis*, used by the ancients for the corona laurea. The leaves, forty-six in number, are of different

sizes, and on both sides are finished with equal care. They are attached to four stems, twisted together and fastened at the back with a golden tie, in which are interwoven the rose, shamrock, and thistle, as national emblems. The names of the towns contributing are engraved behind the leaves, and on the tie are engraved the words 'The people's tribute,' the name of the chairman, 'Tracy Turnérelli,' and the date, '1879.' It is on private view at the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, 156, New Bond Street, for a few days before its removal to the Crystal Palace for public exhibition by the committee. The weight of the wreath is twenty ounces. Subscriptions, limited to one penny each, were contributed by over 58,000 working men and women." Such, such is fame!

We have received from Messrs. Carrington and Co., London, a specimen of their half-crown "Paris diamond" ring, with their request for our opinion. On the matter of diamonds we must confess entire ignorance, but so far as we are able to judge, the stone with which the ring is set possesses all the qualities claimed for it by the manufacturers.

KIND ladies, take pity on a poor clergyman! He wants a wife, "with a little money," to be "a comfort to him in home and parish." This is how he set forth his woes and his wants in Wednesday's *Examiner*:—

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WHAT about our Army? One infantry regiment, chiefly composed of raw lads, has just left Salford Barracks, only to be followed by another regiment, also, it seems, mostly made up of ill-grown, stunted youths. To send such boys to fight men like the Zulus is sheer folly and cruelty. But that is not all. "The condition of the Army," writes a London correspondent, "is at length attracting attention in the proper quarters. The fact is that the inconvenience of having an army on paper only is just now making itself severely felt. We should not have had the troops to spare for the mixed occupation which we have been urging the Turks to accept. Afghan troubles show no immediate sign of settling, and, although it is not likely that more men will be ordered for Zululand, it is imprudent to be unprepared to send men out, if wanted. And with all this we have a possible Egyptian difficulty. Roughly speaking, there ought to be seventy thousand good troops in England and eighteen thousand in Ireland, ready to go anywhere and do anything. We could not send a third of that number away to-morrow to save Gibraltar if ever that were threatened." Yet the Army costs us some sixteen millions a year!

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

"Nil Desperandum."—Impossible.

"P. R."—You have only yourself to blame.

"J. W."—The matter to which you refer shall be attended to.

"N. M. J."—The apprentice is free if the master becomes bankrupt.

"M. J."—It depends upon the society's laws, of which we know nothing.

"P. O."—We cannot advise you how to act; to be safe, you had better ask a lawyer.

"M. R. T."—The persons who are in possession of the deceased's property are liable.

"J. W. H."—One-third to the widow; the rest is shared equally amongst the children.

"B. R."—The Act is probably out of print, but a bookseller may be able to get it for you.

"Aston Park."—Any person can be summoned on a coroner's jury, whether he is a ratepayer or not.

"E. R. E."—You can assume another name; notice should be given to all persons interested.

"C. Brown."—The last person hanged for attempted murder was Martin Doyle, at Chester, in 1861.

"G. J. W."—The treaty of peace putting an end to the Crimean War was concluded at Paris March 30, 1856.

"Inquirer."—If you have reason to think you are not being fairly treated, get another lawyer to act for you.

"A. W."—Wages are payable in full under a bankruptcy, up to a certain amount, which the trustee will explain to you.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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The New Series has been received with unanimous approval by the Press. The following are some of the notices which have been given:—

This deservedly popular magazine appears in a new guise. It has turned over a new leaf—not a better one, for that was impossible; but a larger and altogether more imposing one. A new series has been commenced, and a new volume, and the issue has been much enlarged, to the advantage of the amused and interested reader, and, in the long run, to “Ab” himself. The first monthly part has come to hand, and its contents make up a respectable volume themselves. It will be found that the stories and sketches are of the usual high-class and racy kind, Mr. Brierley himself contributing largely to the pages. “Ab” writes, for example, “An Owd-Fashint Kesmas,” “Eaur Soup Kitchen,” and others, amongst which the “local farce” of “The Three Buckleys” deserves special mention. The principal hero, or what might by a stretch of—shall we say courtesy—be called the “heavy villain” of the piece, is a Saddleworth lad, who put his foot in everything. Here is a specimen of the character. When he is asked to take off his overcoat he exclaims, “I wear no topcoat; do I hecky as like! What! an owd Saddlewo’th Buckley lapt up like a dumplin? Ger eant!” The price of the monthly part is only fivepence, and it is a marvel of cheapness, considering the quantity and quality of the contents. With this enlarged *Journal* it will become more popular and more widely circulated than ever.—*Ashton Reporter*, February 8th.

All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of “magazine stories,” so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting “scraps,” the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visitor*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the “native tongue,” but for the

general merits of its literary articles and “scraps.” It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th'-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his journal for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. “Ab-o'th'-Yate” has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides “Ab,” there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be recommendable.—*Masbro' and Swinton Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the “Lanky” dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything “from grave to gay, from lively to severe.” It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the “penny dreadful,” renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the “monthlies.”—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester, send us a copy of *Ben Brierley's Journal* (5d.) This is full of stories well suited to the tastes of the good folk of Lancashire, and the very name of the journal has a ring of good-fellowship about it which should secure a large circulation amongst those who love a “gradely honest mon.”—*The Fountain*, February 6th.

It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* has entered upon a new series, and is taking new paths, while the old ones are not neglected. The fresh spurt which has been made is one which is sure to commend itself to a wider field of readers, and to readers of broader and more varied tastes. In addition to the weekly issue there is now a monthly number, the first of which is before us. It contains a good deal to specially interest readers in this neighbourhood. *Ben Brierley's Journal* is trying to deserve greater success, and we have no doubt it will achieve it.—*Eccles Advertiser*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* contains a fair amount of entertaining matter; and, cultivating as it does the vernacular to a very large extent, it is an especial favourite with Lancashire readers. With January of the present year was commenced a new series, into which several improvements are introduced. Though the matter is chiefly what might be termed “light” in its complexion, yet there are not wanting contributions of a solid character, and several of these are illustrated with characteristic woodcuts. It is, taken as a whole, a cheap and ably-conducted popular serial.—*Barnsley Chronicle*, February 15th.

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